Willy the Scotch Rebel's Letter

to his Sweetheart *Jenny* at *Lochaber*, with *Jenny's Anſwer.*

[*Tune of*, As down in a Meadow one Morning I paſt.]

Willy's Letter to his Sweetheart *Jenny.*

THeſe Lines from your Lover dear *Jenny* receive,
At *Carliſle* confined, 'twill make you to grieve;
I Priſoner was taken on *Colloden* Plain,
I wiſh in that Battle I then had been ſlain;
But Fate did Dec ee that it ſhould not be ſo,
I wounded was taken, and with them muſt go;
My Fate my dear *Jenny* I needs muſt deplore,
Nor thee, nor *Lochabar*, Iſe ne'er ſee no more.

Unhappy the Time, moſt unhappy the Day,
That I by the Rebels was firſt drawn away,
I now blame myſelf that I was ſo unkind,
Lochabar to leave and dear *Jenny* behind;
Deluded by Lies I too ſoon did comply,
I with them did Fight, and I with them muſt Die;
I know my condition will trouble thee ſore,
For thee nor *Lochaber* Iſe ne'er ſee no more.

I often was told by the Laird of the Clan,
Charley was a bold and a brave muckle Man;
But none of his Bravery e'er could I ſee,
De'li take 'em for Lyars they ve ruined me:
O *Jenny*, if I had but took your advice,
And not given Ear to their Stories and Lies;
I might have been happy with thee I adore,
Now thee nor *Lochaber* Iſe ne er ſee no more.

The defeating of *Johnny Cape* at *Preſton Pans*,
Rejoiced our Hearts and encouraged the Clans;
Fluſh'd with the Succeſs, we to *England* did ſteer,
But Duke *WILLIAM*'s coming did put us in fear:
He fought us, and beat us, and routed us quite,
And now we are all in a ſorrowful plight.
May Heaven his bleſſings upon thee Love pour,
For thee nor *Lochaber* Iſe ne'er ſee no more.

Jenny's Anſwer, to the ſame Tune.

OH! *Willy* thy Letter cut me to the Heart,
To think that for ever I from thee muſt part,
Your Nonjuring Teachers have brought you to this,
For you loſe you Life, and I all my Bliſs;
You being a brisk and a cleaver Young Man,
Too ſoon was enticed to join the vile Clan,
I told you at parting, you know, with much pain,
You ne'er would ſee me nor *Lochaber* again.

How I did perſwade you, how I did implore,
You'd ſtay with your *Jenny*, who did you adore,
I told you that danger would ſurely enſue,
Your joining ſo vile and Rebellions a Crew;
And don't you remember your Anſwer ſo tart,
A fair Lady ne'er was won by a faint Heart:
Thus my good Advice you did treat with diſdain,
Now me nor *Lochaber* you'll ne'er ſee again.

Diſtreſſed in Jail, now you lie to be tried,
At *Carliſle* where once you were puffed with pride,
You'd think yourſelf happy your *Jenny* to ſee,
Oh! what would you give at *Lochaber* to be:
Would it were in my Power to eaſe all your Tears,
Your once bleeding Wound I could bath with my Tears:
On my Boſom I'd lull thee aſleep from thy Pain,
But me nor *Lochaber* thou ne'er ſee ſt again.

The Judges already I hear is come down,
Which to my poor Heart gives a deſperate Wound,
The ſucceſs of your Tryal I long for to hear,
But there is no hopes that you e'er can get clear;
You went with ſuch freedom with Bonnet and Plad,
With broad Sword and Dirk like a brave Heyland Lad,
Since the Fates have decreed all Grief is in va'n,
Farewell, for thou'lt ne'er ſee *Lochaber* again.